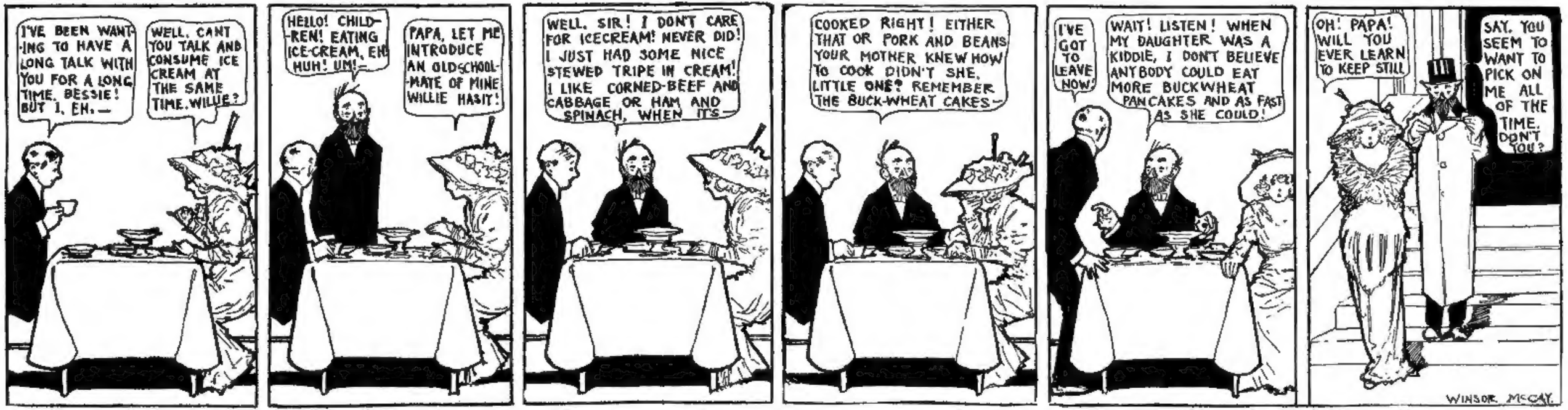
# *Dad Again Talks Himself Into Disfavor*

*By Winsor McCay*


I'VE BEEN WANTING TO HAVE A LONG TALK WITH YOU FOR A LONG TIME, BESSIE! BUT I, EH,—
WELL, CANT YOU TALK AND CONSUME ICE CREAM AT THE SAME TIME, WILLIE?
HELLO! CHILDREN! EATING ICE-CREAM, EH! HUH! UM!—
PAPA, LET ME INTRODUCE AN OLD-SCHOOL-MATE OF MINE WILLIE HASIT!
WELL, SIR! I DON'T CARE FOR ICECREAM! NEVER DID! I JUST HAD SOME NICE STEWED TRIPE IN CREAM! I LIKE CORNED-BEEF AND CABBAGE OR HAM AND SPINACH, WHEN IT'S—
COOKED RIGHT! EITHER THAT OR PORK AND BEANS YOUR MOTHER KNEW HOW TO COOK DIDN'T SHE, LITTLE ONE? REMEMBER THE BUCK-WHEAT CAKES—
I'VE GOT TO LEAVE NOW!
WAIT! LISTEN! WHEN MY DAUGHTER WAS A KIDDIE, I DON'T BELIEVE ANYBODY COULD EAT MORE BUCKWHEAT PANCAKES AND AS FAST AS SHE COULD!
OH! PAPA! WILL YOU EVER LEARN TO KEEP STILL
SAY, YOU SEEM TO WANT TO PICK ON ME ALL OF THE TIME, DON'T YOU?
WINSOR McCAY

# *Papa Again Unlimbers His Verbal Battery*

*By Winsor M'Cay*

YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS! I'LL CONFESS I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GET FOR YOU! THERE ARE SO MANY PRETTY—
AW YOU'RE JOKING. I KNOW YOU ARE! SAY IF I'D TELL YOU WHAT I WANT YOU WOULD FAINT—
AH! HELLO! CHILDREN! TAKIN' A WALK.
PAPA' THIS IS MISTER DOOSBERRY! HE IS WALKING HOME WITH ME, UM, YES!
WELL, SIR! I BOUGHT A NEW PAIR OF SHOES THIS MORNING AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING TO A BUNION I HAVE IS SOMETHING FIERCE—
IT'S RIGHT THERE. I HAD IT REMOVED HALF A DOZEN TIMES BUT IT COMES BACK WORSE EVERY TIME! I USED TO HAVE CORNS YEARS AGO BUT I GOT RID OF THEM! I WISH I COULD GET RID OF THIS
I'VE GOT TO BE GO-ING!
LET ME TELL YOU! THET SAY WHEN YOUR BUNIONS HURT ITS GOING TO RAIN! 'TAINT SO! WE'D HAVE A FLOOD IF IT WAS SO—
PAPA, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TALK SO MUCH! WHAT DOES ANY BODY CARE ABOUT YOUR BUNIONS?
WHY, DAUGHTER, I'M SORRY IF IT ANNOYED YOU! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO WRONG! I'M VERY SORRY, DEAR
WINSOR McCAY